



L. E. E. Robert M.

ODES TO TRIFLES

**ODES TO TRIFLES
AND OTHER RHYMES
BY R. M. EASSIE**

(CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

**LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO: S. B. GUNDY**

MCMXVII

PS8509

A77

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1917

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*Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

TO
LT.-COL. H. M. DYER, D.S.O.
AND THE OFFICERS, N.C.O.'S AND MEN
PAST AND PRESENT
OF THE WESTERN CAVALRY
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

MANY of these verses have previously appeared in "Canada in Khaki," the "Garlands from the Front," the "Listening Post," the "Brazier," and other trench productions, and a few of the "Quatrains" were published in the

Saturday Westminster

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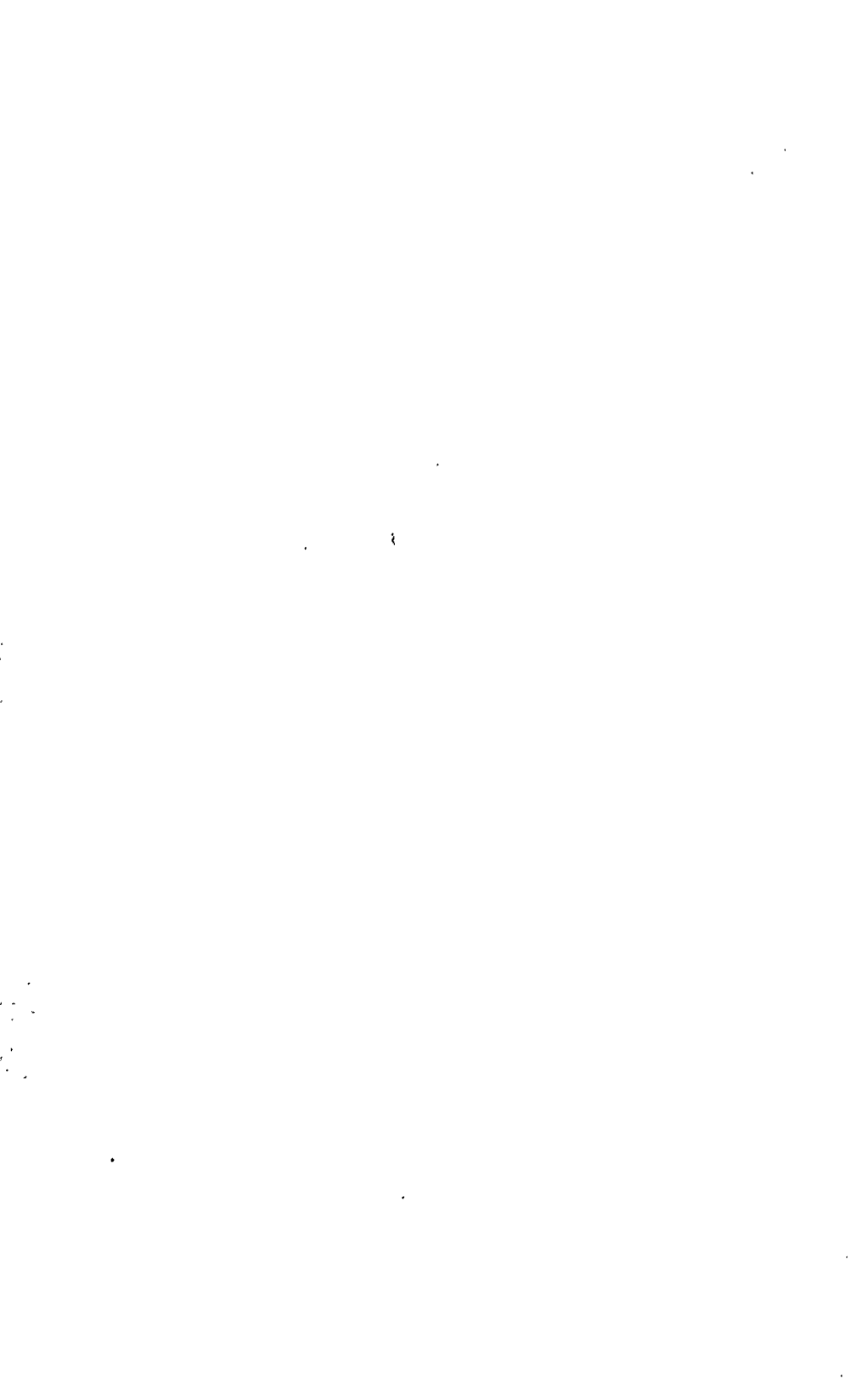
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ODES TO TRIFLES



TO A LACHRYMATORY SHELL

SWEET shell! that burst abaft my booby
hutch

And brought me Tears—the blessed gift of
Tears—

Altho' in quantity p'r'aps overmuch,
Still Tears—to me who have not wept for years!

I've seen men die, and I have said good-bye
To her I worshipped—Heavens! how I've tried
To ape the crocodile and yearned to cry
As she who wandered down the mountain-side!

I've heard at Penny Readings—"Home Sweet
Home"!

Seen cubist paintings, cockneys play the Dane,

TO A LACHRYMATORY SHELL

And prayed for Tears, and yet they would not
come,

E'en "Satan's Sorrows" have I read in vain.

I've plunged into the depths of sentiment,
Struggled to ope the floodgates bare an inch,
Rushed to the Angels' side when they have wept,
Nor, furtive, scorned an onion at a pinch !

Good shell ! how is thy mission different
From shrieking shrapnel's, and explosives' high
And low, and gaseous poisons'—'tis thy bent
Merely to make a foeman pipe his eye.

This message to the gunner who has sent
Thee bolting through the blue—mighty his
deed

And truly great his prestige who has won
A flow of tears from our non-blubbering breed.

TO A LACHRYMATORY SHELL

Good gentle Bosch ! Dear devastating Hun !
Grinning I've faced the bludgeon blows of Fate,
Yet comes this smack of Kultur, and I weep.
To dry my eyes ? Oblige—your Hymn of Hate !

TO A GERMAN HELMET

'**M**EMBER your owner ? Well, he's very
dead ;

Not by my hand ! I think a sniper scored
(Tho' the *direct* cause was a chunk of lead).
His blood be on his Kulturing Kaiser's head,
The paper-scrapper with the flaming sword !

Poor chap ! I helped to bring him in, he looked
Peaceful enough. His death did not contort
His Hunnish visage. But his goose is cooked,
And if they hold parades where he is booked,
He'll form his fours a *Pickelhaube* short !

Say, were you comfortable on his brow ?
I'm sure he felt uneasy under you.

TO A GERMAN HELMET

Was he a *fairly* decent citizen ? Somehow
He didn't look it quite, I think, but now
You are my loot—*De Mortuis* my cue.

You are an ugly thing—ugly as sin,
You're squat, and cheap, and with that obscene
bird

The Prussian Eagle, punched in tawdry tin,
And imitation iron cross thrown in,
And that blunt gilded spike. Oh ! you're absurd !

Cheer up, old souvenir ! I'm sending you
To grace my little grey home in the West ;
And if you safely reach the Cariboo,
And I with Chance should win a toss or two,
I'll join you later—let's hope for the best !

You'll never view a stricken field again,
Nor march in triumph or captivity ;

TO A GERMAN HELMET

You'll ne'er be dented in a shrapnel-rain
Or riddled in a bullet-hurricane,
You're going to a White Man's country. See ?

How shall I make bestowal fair of thee ?
Frolicsome, shall I wear thee at a masque,
Raffle thee at bazaars for Charity,
Or fill thee with strong waters jovially
And make a loving-cup of thee, my casque ?

No, I'll be sentimental, trophy mine,
I'll fix a dainty cord to hang thee by,
Fill thee with earth, and in that shell of thine
(As every flowerlet has its language sign)
I'll plant the one that whispers Victory.

TO A RATION BISCUIT

O H, twice-cooked One !
Twice-cooked, and overdone !

Oh, hardest tack !

My teeth—both front and back—
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing
Thy stony substance—every effort failing
Until, imagining thy name is Fritz,
I bare my bayonet, and thou art—bits !

They say in thee
The cabbage, and green pea,
And haricot,
And spud are blended so
Neatly, completely, that one can't detect 'em
(As good things happen when we don't expect 'em),

TO A RATION BISCUIT

Insert, at least, the thin end of the wedge
And let us taste some old familiar veg. !

Of nourishment

I know that thou hast plent-
-eous store of meat

And useful things to eat.

Thou art the cleverest conglomeration

Of much in little ! But, an ideal ration ?

In spite of leans, and farinas, and fats,

Thou bear'st too close a likeness unto " Spratts " !

Oh doubly-baked !

How have my molars ached

After a bout

In which they've suffered rout

On thy inexorable flanks ! Oh ruthless

Bane of the dentist ! Spectre of the toothless !

TO A RATION BISCUIT

One can but re-attack, and start anew
To hammer off thee more than one can chew !

I call to mind
In years long left behind,
On trail and track,
How damper and flapjack
For grub or tucker I have cooked and eaten,
And staked a fine digestion. Aye, and beaten
The woeful messes ! But 'gainst thee to risk it,
Giving thee Vict'ry as I take the biscuit ?

'Gainst hunger's prick
True thou hast proved a brick.
Oft hast thou saved
A life or two, and staved
Starvation off ; and those who question whether
More efficacious were a chunk of leather

TO A RATION BISCUIT

Are ingrates, or have never felt the pinch
And known the hour their belly-bands to cinch.

They label thee

Iron-Emergency ;

Thou with thy chief

Companion—Bully Beef—

Hast done thy bit in this dire Armageddon,

And when all's over, and I have a spread on,

And feeling mellow, then I may recall

How true thou wert a comrade after all !

TO A GLASS OF FRENCH BEER

HERE, resting from the fray
In my "Estaminet,"

I sit and sip and take my pleasure sadly,
And, melancholy, think
How for a decent drink
I'd swap thee gladly !

True, thou art cheap to buy,
And, like most Tommies, I
Must go dead slow on fifteen francs fortnightly,
But very much I fear
When thou'rt addressed as Beer,
One speaks politely.

TO A GLASS OF FRENCH BEER

Now pale ale is *na poo*,
And Bass and Guinness too,
And drops of Alcohol, *bien entendu*,
(By this misnomer's meant
Strength over five per cent)
Are quite *defendu*.

Trading no more is done
In wines that fizz on one,
And brands of booze that one goes to the bad on ;
Thou art of all the types
The most unhappy swipes
To get a "glad" on !

A "Chope" at ten centimes
Too poor a medium seems
E'en to the stony-broke to toast "Good-byes" in ;
With naught but thee for sale

TO A GLASS OF FRENCH BEER

I'd rather Adam's ale
To pledge bright eyes in !

Oh, *Bock Mousse* ! I am wroth
At thy deceptive froth
And ambered brilliance as it were of Stingo ;
To raise a fellow's hope,
Then prove so weak a "dope"
Is mean—by Jingo !

Though thou art *not*, perhaps,
The cause of many scraps,
Nor yet the kind of stuff to start a noise on :
When called on by a pal,
Thou'rt poor material
To name one's *poison* !

In sultry summer days
Thou lack'st, *Bière Française*,

TO A GLASS OF FRENCH BEER

The coolth of 'arf and 'arf or mild and bitter ;
While as a winter drink
Some lukewarm tea I think
Were bev'rage fitter.

TO A GREEN ENVELOPE

THERE'S not a word in thee of parados,
Platoons, positions and plans—military ;
There's just a score of kisses for Herself,
And then a wee one for her sister Mary.

There's not a mention in thee of petards ;
And if I use the word “ lachrymatory ”
It only deals with a domestic bomb
That hoist me ages since—another story.

There's not a line in thee to help the Bosch
Should'st thou by mishap reach his fist nefarious :
Merely the usual, “ I wish I were there,”
And “ You remember—eh ?—occasions various ! ”

TO A GREEN ENVELOPE

Perchance they'll tear thee open at the Base
And table thee for rude evisceration,
And cynically search mild metaphors
For scraps of surreptitious information.

In thee there's not a hint of great deeds done,
No purple patchwork effort at description ;
There's just a mention of some cigarettes,
My sort—the Melachrino-ish Egyptian.

Thou dar'st not tell my dear one where I am,
Thou must not mention trenches that we've taken ;
But really, really, does she give a damn
So that thou prov'st my love is her's unshaken ?

There's not a whisper in thee of the war,
As Heaven and the Censor are above me !
Of where, and when, and why, and what I am,
And in what portion of the line they shove me.

TO A GREEN ENVELOPE

So speed thee to thy destination hence,
Beneath the cachet of my *parole d'honneur*,
And bid her—it's the fashion to spout French,
Even of leave to England—*à la bonne heure*.

TO AN "ISSUE" CIGARETTE

TOMMIES are most ungrateful blokes,
All said and done ;
And I am no exception to
The general run.
Indeed, the mental exercise of grumbling
Is an incentive ever to keep mumbling.

I've looked gift horses in the mouth,
But never thee ;
I've feared those bearing army gifts
When they were free ;
I've railed against the quality and tissue
Of almost every blessed thing that's " issue."

TO AN "ISSUE" CIGARETTE

I've damned the texture of my pants,
My tunic's fit ;
I've sworn that Sister Susie's socks
Were badly knit ;
But ne'er an "'Arf a Mo' " have I wished milder,
Or " Roughrider " less rough, or " Woodbine "
wilder.

'Gainst beef and biscuits I have joined
The parrot-cry,
And on the jam, when damson, looked
With doubtful eye ;
But, when the Q.M.S. says " Here's yer baccar,"
I envy not his " Nestor " to the slacker.

One leans against the parapet
And feels fed up,
Imagines grievances to fill
A brimming cup ;

TO AN "ISSUE" CIGARETTE

And then, a draw at thee and all's forgotten ;
One magic puff, and life is none so rotten !

Cheap as they make it be thy cost,
Thy brand obscure,
More reminiscent of chopped hay
Than 'baccy pure,
And negligently rolled in paper riceless,
Still is the solace that thou bringest priceless.

Puff ! and each ring that upward curls
Frames some fair thought,
That but for thee unto my mind
Were never brought.
Puff ! the pip passes and the blues turn rosy.
Puff ! and a dug-out's e'en a corner cosy.

Sweet cigarette, thy end's at hand,
Hast served thy turn ;

TO AN "ISSUE" CIGARETTE

A farewell word to thee before

My fingers burn.

Yet—listen ! Doubly to ensure thy victory

I'll smoke another ere my valedictory.

TO MY PAY FORTNIGHTLY!

MY honorarium, my fifteen francs!
One of a laughing Khaki line
Of smart and brushed-up "other ranks,"
I signed up the "acquittance" blanks,
And touched my cap, and Sir'd my thanks
(I couldn't very well decline).
But how to spend thee, wealth of mine?

As surplus millions to some king of oil
Are you, my three crisp notes, to me.
I didn't spin, I didn't toil,
I hopped no clods, I grubbed no soil,
No weak Egyptian did I spoil;

TO MY PAY FORTNIGHTLY !

Yet presto, my buck-private's fee,
I straight become possessed of thee !

Oh my blood-money, my three hundred sous !
My thousand and a half centimes !
Oh shade of Cræsus, give a cue ;
Rockefeller, tell me what to do ;
Lucullus teach me how to " blew "
This unearned increment ! No scheme
Too wild or woolly would I deem.

Free baccy has a knack of going round,
Canada pays for all my kit,
I'm staked for grub, my lodging's found
(Altho' it's often underground.
But what's the odds ? Good days abound).
What am I going to do with it,
This bribe for having tried my bit ?

TO MY PAY FORTNIGHTLY !

Was ever Carnegie in such a fix
Who seeks to sign his wad away
In cheques and charitable tricks,
Handing out ha'pence without kicks,
So that he'll die with next to nix ?
Oh, be a sport, my princely pay,
Let's come to some " Estaminet " !

But faugh ! It's Belgian beer up at Maxine's,
And her *vin blanc* is sour and thin ;
And I can't, greedy, on sardines
Spend all of my confounded means ;
Meanwhile thou'rt lying in my jeans
Burning a hole. Oh who'd be in
A chronic state of too much tin ?

My incubus, my elephant all white,
My pig from the Paymaster's poke,

TO MY PAY FORTNIGHTLY!

I'm rid of thee! Out of my sight
Thou'rt vanished almost, if not quite
(He might not pay back or he might),
I've lent thee to another bloke,
Once more I am content—and broke!

TO A PAIR OF SHEETS

(ON SHORT LEAVE)

I CREEP between your upper and your nether,
Clean kindly sheetings,
In costume verging on the altogether;
Thy chilly greetings
Do not offend. Oh, that delicious shiver!
The joy of that preliminary quiver!

The coldness you precipitate around—er
My column spinal
Is my just meed for acting like a bounder,
And is not final.
How dignified! How typically British
Is your rebuke to my advances skittish!

TO A PAIR OF SHEETS

Already you relent ; I feel approaching

 Your warm caresses ;

I thrust a cold foot timidly encroaching

 On your recesses.

Oh tingling toes ! Oh sheerly happy stealing

Through my fagged frame of that sweet *chez-moi*
feeling !

I'd tell of dug-out nights at Armageddon,

 Of funk-holes flooded,

Of friendly firing-steps to lay one's head on

 With limbs disblooded,

Of slumber snatched on sodden earthy couches

With eighty rounds in those confounded pouches !

I'd tell of billets resting from the battle,

 Of heartless cases

In which I've robbed lean swine and helpless cattle

 Of sleeping-places,

TO A PAIR OF SHEETS

Of all the creaking stable-lofts I've dossed in,
Of all the mouldy straw I've turned and tossed in.

I'd tell of damp repose and uncomplaining

By haystacks various,

Of naps with Huns above me aeroplaning

In skies precarious,

Of forty winks beneath a bivvy sopping

Or behind walls with high explosives dropping !

But what's the use ? The dreams those slumbers
brought me,

Though my bones ached me,

The soothing vision of short leave that sought me

Ere kicks awaked me

Were sweet. Think not, my sheets, that I regret
them,

Though in your chaste embraces I forget them.

TO A PAIR OF SHEETS

May Allah bless, soft sheets, the hand that made
you,

And bought and sold you,
That weaved, and hemmed, and washed, and aired,
and laid you ;

Could they behold you
Comfort divine to my poor body giving,
They'd not regret in linen lay their living !

From your enfolding bliss I'll rise at leisure

To no stand-to-ing ;
We'll end this long-sought rest at our sweet
pleasure.

There's nothing doing
Should some rash handmaid rouse me ere eleven,
I'll cleave to you, and bid her go to—Heaven !

TO MY CHARGER

BY A NEVER-MOUNTED CAVALRYMAN

FAR in that distant township of the West
They stethoscoped my heart, and taped
my chest,

Carded my eyesight, and then filled my breast
With hopes of riding to the fray
Bravely on thee !—and yet to-day
Here I'm foot-slogging it with all the rest.

How in the dust and swelter of the train,
From the Pacific to Valcartier's plain,
Expectant visions of thee filled my brain,
Now honest brown, now brilliant bay,

TO MY CHARGER

Now sober black—and yet to-day
Shanks stays my parallel in this campaign.

Then the proud journeying to Plymouth Hoe,
How I the deck (third-class) paced to and fro.
For Canada I'd ride against the foe !
Bright spurs for thee I packed away,
And whip as well,—and yet to-day
Thou art between the shafts for all I know.

Of Salisbury's mud when can the mem'ries fade,
Midst which the experts of the warriors' trade
Decreed a horse less useful than a spade.
Yet all the time did Rumour say
Thou wouldst arrive—and yet to-day
Trench feet I have developed, I'm afraid.

Then came the Front, the dug-outs where I hide
My head diminished and my hopes denied ;

TO MY CHARGER

Shall I with swank and swelled head ever ride
Through Kaiserdom ?—I fear me nay,
I pray me yes,—and yet to-day
It costs an effort to feel dignified.

The hour *may* come when thou shalt proudly
prance,
And I, with swishing sword or levelled lance,
Urging thee forward in the last advance,
Shall charge to glory in array,
Sabring the Bosch !—and yet to-day
I creep across the cobblestones of France.

TO MY SENIORITY

THE PLAINT OF A DISGRUNTLED TEMPORARY
LIEUTENANT

THERE'S the date that I sailed from Canada,
And the date that I crossed to France,
And the date that I got a knock on the head
On the eve of the big advance ;
There's the date that I left the Hospital
And was put on the General List,
And the date I was sent to the Umpty Umph,
And a dozen of dates I have missed.

Oh ! riddle me this and rede me aright,

My senioritee,

Can you dive down deep in your bag of tricks,

TO MY SENIORITY

And fish out some date that always sticks
Like William the Conqueror's ten six six,
And pass it along to me ?

There's Tommy Black, quite a decent kid,
But oh ! such an unlicked cub,
He's Major in charge of a Company,
And I'm still a junior sub.

There's Harris, who joined long, long after me,
Who's by way of being an ass,
He's got three stars on his shoulder-straps,
And he's sporting them bold as brass.

Oh ! riddle me this and rede me aright,
My senioritee,
Why, even a poulterer will grade
His election eggs and his eggs new laid,
While never a move is ever made
To put such a tab on me.

TO MY SENIORITY

I tiffined last week with Monty Green,
Who's home on a ten-day leave,
And he thanked the Lord for the nice Staff job
That *he* is about to receive.
If they grade a duffer like him for pay
As a blanked G.S.O.3,
The billet they ought to shove my way
Is an A.A.Q.M.G. !

Oh ! riddle me this and rede me aright,
My senioritee,
How *do* red bands for those braided caps
From the tin-gods' knees or their goddesses' laps
Get handed to such inferior chaps,
And never a one for me ?

There's my section leader—Corporal Jones,
His name's in to-day's *Gazette*,

TO MY SENIORITY

I made that youth as smart as he is,
And I'd like to offer a bet,
That unless my luck takes a brand new turn,
Or fortune a brand new whim,
That tit for tat for his old salutes
I'll be touching my cap to him.

Oh ! riddle me this and rede me aright,
My senioritee,
If the Army anywhere exacts
That the Angel who records our acts
Gets a chance of peddling out the facts
In the case of a worm like me.

There's the date that I sailed from Canada,
And the date that I crossed to France,
And the date I was carted to Hospital
On the eve of the big advance ;

TO MY SENIORITY

And a lot of dates that have happened since,

But to-morrow's the date for me :

The date that I start for the Front again

With a draft for the A.S.C.

Oh ! riddle me this and rede me aright,

My senioritee,

If I get again within sound of the guns,

And settle the hash of a host of Huns,

And gobble up fire like Banbury buns,

Will it spell out a show for me ?

VERSES,—OF SORTS



A SONG OF THE 5TH CANADIANS

WILL you open up your gramophone
And turn on "Home, Sweet Home,"
And over God's own country trot
Your fancies for a roam ?
From the prairies to the foot-hills,
From the Rockies to the sea,
From the 'Peg to the Pacific,
Of the Western Cavalree ?

Can you hear them learning drill ?
(Left, right ; left, right !)
Going through the rookie-mill ?
(March at ease !)

A SONG OF THE 5TH CANADIANS

“All you want is lots of cheek

To be corp’ral in a week”

Says the man from Maple Creek.

(Carry on !)

Will you take your pocket war-map

Of the Salient to the Somme,

And pick out the spots they’ve plodded to

And those they’ve plodded from ?

Are you asking what they did there ?

Oh, look up the book and see ;

They’ve the blessed gift of silence

In the Western Cavalree.

Can you feel the pelting rain ?

(Left, right ; left, right !)

Well, they’re going in again.

(March at ease !)

A SONG OF THE 5TH CANADIANS

And it's seven miles from camp,
And they're whistling as they tramp,
Oh, their *spirits* won't get damp !
(Carry on !)

Will you close your eyes a moment
And imagine you are where
The shades of white men wait in line
The final trumpet-blare ?
Pass around the roll and read it,
If your misty eyes can see,
Of the bunch who died for Freedom
From the Western Cavalree.

Can you catch the faintest sound ?
(Left, right ; left, right !)
They're arriving on the ground
(March at ease !)

A SONG OF THE 5TH CANADIANS

For the final big review,
We'd be lucky I and you
To be lined up with them too.
(Carry on !)

RELIEF

IT was darker than the devil
 (Did you winter on the Plain ?)
When the " Umptieth " relieved us
 In the drenching drizzling rain,
With the damned connecting trenches
 Filled with water to the waist,
So we took to open country,
 Lord, and how we steeplechased !

Chorus.

Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
 Marching at our ease,
Swinging through the villages
 Past the poplar trees ;

RELIEF

With our bulging haversacks
Full of souvenirs,
Marching back to billets
On the road to Armenteurs !

While the flares kept bobbing upwards,
And the flares kept flopping down,
And the distant guns were rumbling
As they strafed at Ypres town ;
With the toc-toc of machine guns
And the bullets zipping round,
How we ducked, and dodged, and halted
On the rough shell-eaten ground.

Chorus.

Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
Marching at our ease,
Swinging thro' the villages
Past the poplar trees ;

RELIEF

Girls are waving hands to us
 (Bless the little dears !),
Marching to our billets
 On the road to Armenteurs !

After five days in a dug-out
 In our sodden boots and togs,
Oh the happy hours on " Listening Post "
 (A-listening to the frogs !) ;
After five nights in a funk-hole
 Sweet the slumber we could snatch
From the rats careering round us
 And the one eternal scratch !

Chorus.

Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
 Marching at our ease,
Swinging thro' the villages
 Past the poplar trees ;

RELIEF

Just a rest ahead of us,
Baths and bunks and beers,
Soon we'll be in billets
On the road to Armenteurs !

THE DISC IDENTITY

WHEN I was born I got the name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on,
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old Sergeant said to me,
“ You’re now a separate entity,
And here’s your Disc-identity.”

When on a list he entered me
My bosom swelled with pride,
“ You’re twenty-two, six, seven three,”
“ Yes, Sergeant,” I replied ;

THE DISC IDENTITY

“When you become a casualtee,
You mustn’t get mislaid, you see.”
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my Disc-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R.C. ;
I answered like a soldier bold,
That I was C. of E.
“I’ve got to know, my lad,” said he,
“In case you have to buried be.”
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my Disc-identity.

And then I put it on a string,
And took it to my breast ;
“Now stick to it like anything,”
The Sergeant made behest ;

THE DISC IDENTITY

“ A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless,” said he,
“ When called on to present it, he
Can show his Disc-identity.”

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M and V,
And biscuits Army, damson jam,
And tea with S.R.D.
How sick those chaps at home must be !
Why couldn't they be brave like me ?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a Disc-identity.

A SONG OF COVER

“What I want to impress upon you men is the necessity of taking cover when occasion demands. Even a blade of grass, etc.”—ANY OFFICER.

I

COVER, cover, taking cover
When there's any to be found,
When the shrapnel's bursting over
And the pieces falling round.

Recit.—Tho' to duck's undignified,
And it hurts our proper pride
In a dirty ditch to slide—

Chorus—Still the knack of taking cover
When the shrapnel's bursting over,

A SONG OF COVER

And a bloke's an agile mover,
Is an action justified.

II

Cover, cover, taking cover
When a sniper's on the job ;
Not one straying waiting rover,
But the bullets in a mob.

Recit.—Tho' a hero bold as brass
Feels a certain sort of ass
Flopping down into the grass—

Chorus—Still, that act of finding cover
In a handy patch of clover
Gives one time to think of “muvver,”
Or the missus, or the lass.

A SONG OF COVER

III

Cover, cover, seeking cover

When an aeroplane's on high,
And you see a Taube hover
Menacingly in the sky.

Recit.—Tho' those anti-aircraft guns
Spit up metal by the tons,
Still, the photos that the Huns—

Chorus—Take as up aloft they hover,
Ain't the special kind the lover
Sends home to his girl to prove her
He is one of Briton's sons !

IV

Cover, cover, taking cover

When a "Jenny's" on the wing,
Just as though the devil drove her
Smashing into anything.

A SONG OF COVER

Recit.—Tho' it looks like thirty cents,
Still, to flop is evidence
Of the Ostrich's good sense.

Chorus—When one peeps from out one's cover,
And one sees (and thanks Jehovah)
Where the blighter struck just over
“Ten yards—on my honour, gents.”

THE NERVY NINE

THERE were eight with me at Valcartier,
Nine of us all in a tent ;
I could tell you the name of ev'ry one,
Of every single son-of-a-gun
(And they've all gone somehow one by one
Like the ten little nigger boys went).
But *you* wouldn't know Big Ben from Jim,
Or "Shorty" from Sam, or "Red" from "Slim,"
And even Long Alec, you wouldn't know *him*,
So my breath would be misspent.

There were nine of us camped at West Down
South,
And nine of us crossed to France ;

THE NERVY NINE

And we grew to savvy each others' gaits
When all of a sudden we fouled the Fates,
And the only one left of all us mates
Is me by the grace of Chance !
In one short week there were four went West,
Four of the whitest, four of the best,
Pushing up daisies with all the rest
That fell in the big advance.

Then Alec got his in a bomb attack
And he'll never scrap again ;
He's over in Blighty merry and bright,
Lucky, poor chap, it wasn't his right,
We simply could *not* get him in that night
As he lay out there in the rain.
Then Red bobs up and gets himself hit,
And tough as he is, I was scared a bit ;

THE NERVY NINE

But we'll see him again when they pass him fit
For the reinforcement train.

Then Ben and Slim went for officers' jobs
(How they love a Sam Browne belt !).
Now I guess I could beat 'em both out of sight
In holding my men in the thick of a fight,
But I only just know how to read and write,
And I'm damned if I ever spelt.
But Ben has dropped an " h " in his life,
And I've seen him eat his peas with a knife,
And the other guy, Slim, has *some* kind of a wife,
And *that's* where the pinch is felt !

And so I'm left alone of the bunch
(They called us the Nervy Nine).
If I have my eye on old Blighty now,
Do you blame me, boys, if I feel somehow
60

THE NERVY NINE

A trifle fed up, and sick of the row
And the fag of the firing line ?
Ah, if they could only come back again,
The men that I knew on Salisbury Plain,
But they won't, so I guess I must stand the strain
Till the Germans give me mine.

“ RATIONS ”

WHEN it's dark enough to do it, there's a
duty to be done,
It's called “ going out for rations,” and we sneak
out one by one ;
When the night is wet or foggy there is nothing
much to fear,
But there's just a spice of danger when it's moon-
lighty and clear.

With six paces fair between us we hop out in
single file
(The blessed exercise alone soon makes the job
worth while) ;

“ RATIONS ”

And we're told to think that to the Huns we
look like silhouettes,
And the order comes “ no talking,” and “ put out
your cigarettes ! ”

There are trenches that communicate and twist
and turn for miles,
But a self-respecting ration party looks at them
and smiles ;
There are duck-walks to protect your little tootsies
from the slime,
But they're inches under water for three-quarters
of the time.

So we make a bee-line overland, the shortest cut
for us,
We know it's not in orders—we're the goats if
there's a fuss !

“ RATIONS ”

But it's safe if we remember we're not strolling
down the Strand,
And taking mild precautions doesn't mean you've
got no sand.

We're to reckon they've machine-guns trained
upon us all the way,
And when they shoot a star-shell up, they spot us
clear as day ;
But no one minds the noises—the plock, ver-rump
and zipp !
Still, to halt beneath a sizzling flare is quite a
useful tip.

The transport dumps the grub down at some
muddy spot behind,
Which is either near or far away just as they feel
inclined ;

“ RATIONS ”

And when it's raining cats and dogs they're certain
to be late,

And the ground's too wet to sit on, so we stamp,
and smoke, and wait !

Then the way they divvy up the load's a regimental
joke,

One parcel is ten pounds of tea, one half a ton of
coke !

And Tom will swear he's fixed to lump just
twice as much as Tim,

And Dick declares the biscuit-tins are always
wished on him !

It takes about an hour or so to straighten out the
packs,

Just so as the allotment's fair upon the fellows'
backs ;

“ RATIONS ”

But two men never grouse a word, they're happy
and they're dumb,
The man that gets the mailbag, and, the guy that
gets the Rum !

Then it's " Home, my noble sportsmen ! " and we
hit the trail again

(D'you 'member Hyde Park Corner and the
journey down Mud Lane ?).

Oh ! sixty pounds is nothing on a hard and level
road,

But sliding, skidding, wading with it makes it feel
" some " load !

Soon it's " Pass on ration party "—and we haven't
lost a pound,

And in reply to yours—the S.R.D. is safe and
sound ;

“ RATIONS ”

But I really think the fellows that go out and get
it in

Should draw an extra toothful when they're
holding out their tin !

YVONNE AND YVETTE

YVETTE, Yvonne !
Yvonne, Yvette !

On both are my affections set ;
Each is a dear, each is a pet,
But that's as far as I can get.
I'm not quite happy with Yvonne,
Because, you see, I know Yvette !

Yvette, Yvonne !

Yvonne, Yvette !

One is a blonde, one a brunette ;
One's hair is golden satinette,
And one's resembles coiffured jet.

YVONNE AND YVETTE

And oh, those blue eyes of Yvonne !

And oh, the brown ones of Yvette !

Yvette, Yvonne !

Yvonne, Yvette !

One's full of fun, a kind coquette,

One pays her toll to etiquette ;

One loves, one loathes a cigarette.

You snatch your kisses from Yvonne—

You have to steal them from Yvette !

Yvette, Yvonne !

Yvonne, Yvette !

How one will laugh when you're upset,

How one will comfort you and fret ;

Both drive your ills away—and yet

Some things you'd never tell Yvonne

You've half a mind to tell Yvette !

YVONNE AND YVETTE

Yvette, Yvonne !

Yvonne, Yvette !

The situation must be met ;

I'd be a duffer did I let

Both of 'em go, so I'll forget

The fascinating fair Yvonne,

And try my fortune with Yvette !

NO MAN'S LAND

HAVE you ever been to "No Man's Land,"
"No Man's Land," "No Man's Land?"

It's a strip between the Strafers, and it's not a
healthy spot,

The climate's deadly chilly, or else ruination hot;

The *fauna's* non-existent, and the *flora's* gone to
pot.

It's a rotten place is "No Man's Land," "No
Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

And avoided by the trippers, but one goes there
quite a lot.

Away out there in "No Man's Land," "No Man's
Land," "No Man's Land,"

NO MAN'S LAND

The population varies but it's thickest in the night,
They're a very bashful people keeping mostly out
of sight,

Tho' you'll sometimes spot a straggler if you
shoot a Véry light.

But the day is drear in "No Man's Land," "No
Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

And the evening's none too lively if the moon is
extra bright.

You can easily reach "No Man's Land," "No
Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

There are special trains and steamers which will
take you free of cost,

And speed you to its frontiers, and none are sooner
cros't ;

It's only getting home again you're likely to be
lost.

NO MAN'S LAND

Oh, you'll find your way to "No Man's Land,"

"No Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

And the very hour you leave it is the time you
love it most.

There are no towns in "No Man's Land," "No
Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

And almost all the paths and lanes are marked "no
thoroughfare,"

But pleasant spots called "List'ning Posts" are
dotted everywhere,

Where one can hide behind a hedge—that's if a
hedge is there.

It's peaceful out in "No Man's Land," "No
Man's Land," "No Man's Land,"

To sit and watch the star-shells burst,
And breathe the pure night air.

THE Y.M.C.A.

WE were resting back of Ouderdom, and
Jim he says to me—

“ Let’s walk to the Y.M.C.A. and have a cup of
tea.”

I didn’t like the notion much, but anyhow we
went ;

I felt just a trifle fed up, lying rotting in the
tent.

I figured when we reached the show they’d pat
us on the back,

And do the “ Welcome brother ” stunt, and hand
us both a trac’ ;

THE Y.M.C.A.

And I'd be hallelujah'd and called "A poor lost
lamb,"

But nobody took stock of us or seemed to give a
damn !

They had a big pianner there and, just as we
got in,

Some guy sat down to strum—thinks I, "Here's
where the hymns begin !"

And I waited for the opening strains of "There's
a Happy Land,"

Instead of which he struck up "Alexander's Rag-
time Band !"

Then we walked up to the counter and Jim
whispered out "Two teas,"

The barkeep filled them offhand like and asked
for "Tuppence, please."

THE Y.M.C.A.

And we thought it was Charity, but covered our
mistake,

And, though we'd only just had grub, we bought
two chunks of cake.

But some straw-boss saw us grinning, and he spoke
us rather nice ;

Says he, " We don't want money if you haven't
got the price " ;

Says he, " To run the whole shebang and give free
truck away

To fellers in the firing-line we must make *someone*
pay."

I didn't say a blanky word, I left it all to Jim ;

When he starts getting wise to things you feel
quite safe with him.

THE Y.M.C.A.

He said the only reason why we'd dodged the place
before

Was because, though we liked comfort, we liked
independence more.

And then I bought some Woodbines, and Jim
said he'd drop a note ;

I smoked the blinking packet 'fore he'd finished
what he wrote.

If I'd have known some pretty Jane to send my
true love to,

Why, damme, I'd have done it, but I don't, so
that's *na poo* !

What tickled me the most of all as I was sitting
there

Was the way the Tommies came and went, and
no one seemed to care ;

THE Y.M.C.A.

With that old pianner banging, and the choruses
they roared;
And not a single person asked me if I'd "found
the Lord !"

Oh, a man can be a Mussulman, a Buddhist or a
Jew,
And they treat you like a Christian, and the rest
is up to you ;
And as long as the Estaminets keep nothing but
French Beer,
My club is the Y.M.C.A., whenever one is near !

THE GIRLS OF OUR VILLAGE

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

L OUISE is something of a dear,
Her smile is sweet, her voice is clear,
And she's a swell at pouring beer.
I'd rather pay Louise three sous,
Than drink the other girls' at two !

JULIE will stand behind your chair
And run her fingers through your hair,
And say nice things of Angleterre.
One thing I do not like in Julie,
Just squeeze her, and she gets unruly !

THE GIRLS OF OUR VILLAGE

GERMAINE's a sympathetic wench,
She knits beside you on a bench,
And says you speak delightful French.
The one great fault about Germaine
Is that she fibs now and again.

MATHILDE's a mercenary maid,
She sells you eggs, and not new-laid,
And seems quite anxious till she's paid.
The main objection to Mathilde
Lies in her somewhat heavy build.

DIANE my washing does for me,
And at a very mod'rate fee—
And sews on all the buttons free.
Oh if Diane could wash a shirt
One half as well as she can flirt !

THE GIRLS OF OUR VILLAGE

I look up MARIE now and then,
Especially on Sundays when
She sells *La Vie Parisienne*.

Marie's good-looking and demure,
But, Lord, she needs a manicure !

JEANNETTE sells imitation lace,
I think she has the plainest face
Of any lady in the place.

Tho' beauty isn't Jeannette's *forte*
We know her for a real good sort.

If you would *manger quelque chose*,
Just take my tip and look up ROSE,
Her cooking does not indispose.

A pity Rose is so flat-footed,
One likes a woman neatly booted !

THE GIRLS OF OUR VILLAGE

Dear little MARGOT in her store
Sells views and picture-cards galore ;
You go there once—you'll go *encore* !

When Margot smiles and murmurs " Tanks,"
You *can't* regret you've spent five francs !

HELÈNE's the daughter of the Maire,
She has a rather haughty air,
As if a cuss she did not care.

When Helène condescends to wink
It makes a fellow pause and think !

What takes the boys to ANTOINETTE's
Is not the value that one gets
In chocolate or cigarettes.

When Antoinette's attired for Church
She leaves all others in the lurch.

THE GIRLS OF OUR VILLAGE

When I feel like a few sardines
I always get them at DELPHINE's,
Not at the E.F.C. Canteens.

And so would you, if. with each tin,
She threw a kiss and coffee in !

Down at CHARLOTTE's Estaminet
The *Vin Blanc's* very good they say,
But then the beer's the other way !
That bad complexion of Charlotte's
Is her weak spot, or rather spots !

**RHYMES FROM A NEW
NURSERY**

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

SING a song of five francs,
Tommy feeling dry,
Four and twenty camarades
Standing all close by ;
When the place was opened
Tommy shouts Hurray !
Up comes an M.P.
And orders him away !

Hey diddle-diddle,
The strip in the middle,
The Fifth jumped over the parapet !
When they got there
The trenches were bare,
The Bosches had bolted to " H—l and gone ! "

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

Little Private Tupper
Cussed for his supper ;
Then he said " How glad I am,"
When he found 'twas damson jam !

Jack and Bill, they stuck it till
Their knees were under water ;
Jack fell down, and said to Bill
Some words he didn't oughter !

Hark! Hark! the guns do bark,
The Bosches are on again ;
Some bust up, and some bust down,
And some bust all in vain.

Little Herman
Was a German
Waiter at the Ritz ;

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

Now he's got another job,
Waiting on Tirpitz.

Little swigs of S.R.D.,
Tiny tots of rum,
Make old Fritzie sit and think
Where the noise comes from.

Mary had a little love,
A Corp'ral was her beau,
And everything that Mary did
The Corp'ral got to know.
She followed him to Canada
(His card had his address on),
It made his section laugh like H—l ;
Here endeth the FIRST lesson !

Old Doc' Spry
Was a rummy old guy,
A rummy old guy was he ;

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

He'd call for his pen, and his mob of sick men,
And he'd call for his orderlies three ;

“ One number nine ! ” says the Doctor ;

“ Fall out of line ! ” says the Sergeant ;

“ I've just got mine ! ” says the Private.

There was an old soldier who lived in a trench,
Who'd *beaucoup de souvenirs* German and French ;
He sacked them and packed them
For many a mile,
And then got 14 days for losing his smoke-helmet !

Fritzie-Witzie sat on a bomb,
Fritzie-Witzie went up pom-pom !
All Bill's Herr-Doktors and medicine men
Couldn't put Fritzie together again !

There was a little Hun,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were all dum-dum, dum-dum ;

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

He shinned up a tree
To snipe what he could see,
But now he is in Kingdom come-come-come !

Kaiser, Kaiser, feeling wiser,
How do our prospects grow ?
Winning spells and tons of shells,
And our Allies firm in a row !

Little Miss Mabel
Sat on a table,
Down in her Estaminay ;
A Sergeant espied her,
And sat down beside her,
And stayed there the rest of the day !

Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get a poor soldier a drink ;

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

When she got there,
She found some to spare,
And the Tommy is just out of clink !

Three blind Insects !

Three blind Insects !

See how they walk !

See how they walk !

They all stroll over my khaki shirt,
They saw me coming and stayed inert,
But I cut off retreat as they put on a spurt,
Three blind Insects !

Bah, Bah, Q.M., have you any rum ?

Yes, Sir ! Yes, Sir ! I've got some.

Tots for the Sergeants, nips for the men,
Hold up your *petit verre* and please say " When ! "

Simple Herman met a German

On a night patrol,

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

Said simple Herman in bad German

“ *Wie bist du? Ja wohl!* ”

Said the German to simple Herman

“ Alright *Kamerade!* ”

Simple Herman bombed the German

With a Mills grenade.

John, John, of Brandon, Man.,

Chucked two bombs and away he ran ;

He ran so fast and he ran so well,

And he sent six Germans plunk to H—l !

Black Jack disliked hard tack,

Whilst Bill detested bully ;

And the air went blue for miles and miles

When they discussed it fully.

This little gink went to Shorncliffe,

This little gink stayed at home,

RHYMES FROM A NEW NURSERY

This little gink was the real candy kid,
And he beat it to Seattle !

Hush-a-bye, Tommy, in the hay-loft,
The atmosphere's " off " and the beds none too
soft ;
And if the beam breaks, the soldier will fall,
Down will come Tommy, equipment and all !

Little Tim Warner sat in a corner
Having a nice drink o' tea,
" If they'd only just come with my drop o' rum
I *would* take it handsome," said he.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your call,
It's bully and biscuits or nothing at all ;
But after the War is over and done,
It's Home again, Home again, every one !

LIMERICKS



AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

A

THERE was a young hero of Aire
Who was hit, but he couldn't say where,
Till a comrade close by
Said "Just sit down and try,"
And he did, and he shouted, "It's there!"

B

There was a young man of Bailleul
Who was voted a silly young fool;
But he couldn't have been,
For when last he was seen
He was billeted at *the* girls' school!

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

C

There was a young person of Caestre,
Diana herself was no chaster ;
 But I own with regret
 She'd a sister Yvette,
And a cousin Germaine who disgraced her !

D

There was a young sub. at the Douve
Who found he'd got into a groove
 In addressing his men
 As "my dears" now and then,
But he's doing his best to improve.

E

There was a nice girl of Essars
Who thought less of Neptune than Mars ;
 She told me one day,
 In her sweet little way,
That she much preferred Tommies to Tars !

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

F

There was a young soldier of Fletre
Who wrote a French girl a love *lettre*,
He pitched it so hot
That as likely as not
They'll shortly be seeing the *prêtre* !

G

There was a young sub. at Grandcourt
Came to France for a week on a tour ;
The first day and night
He was merry and bright,
But was stern when he left us, and dour.

H

There was a young girl of Houdain
Who tried with her might and her main
To entrap the young chaps
When she sat on their laps,
But they foiled her again and again !

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

I

There are two young flappers of Illies
Who act like a pair of young sillies ;
But our squadron S.M.,
Who's acquainted with them,
Declares they are smart little fillies !

J

There was *un vieux type* of Joncourt
Whose face was forbidding and dour ;
But after three francs'
Worth of beer and *vin blancs*
He'd unbend, and he'd bid you *bonjour*.

K

There was a young man of K 5.
Who on leave took a girl for a drive ;
The effect you can trace
If you just watch his face
When one of her letters arrive !

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

L

There was a young blade at La Hutte
Who fancied himself as a Knut ;

He saw the O.C.

Re his trousers S.D.,

And complained of their colour and cut.

M

There was a young lover of Mons,
And the *origo mali et fons*

Of the tiff that there's been

Between him and Maxine,

Are the "*ouis*" she replies to his "*nons*."

N

There was a brave girl of Nieppe
Who was full of sand, ginger, and pep ;

With Taube or Fokker

The Huns couldn't shock her,

And she'd smile when she spotted a Zepp !

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

O

There was a sweet thing at Olhain
Whose kisses were hard to obtain ;
But, once they were snatched,
They couldn't be matched
From the Salient down to the Aisne.

P

A youthful young man of Pradelles,
Declares at the farm where he dwells
He can trace sixty-two
Essentially new
And decidedly different smells.

Q

There was a young fellow of Quernes,
Who forgets all the drill that he learns ;
He's developed in France
St Vitus's dance,
From practising right and left turns.

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

R

There was an old rip of Robecq
Who had a most rubicund neck ;
The cause of the blotches
Was too many Scotches,
And quarts of champagne “ extra sec.” !

S

There was a young man of the Scarpe
Who was eager to learn the Jews’ harp ;
He could tickle B flat
Just as easy as pat,
But he *never* could manage F sharp !

T

There was an old lady of Tilques
Who used to deal shrewdly in silks ;
But she shut up her store,
And she’s making much more
By peddling whiskies and milks.

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

U

A greedy young cub of Uidzeele
Once made a heartrending appeal
That some savoury relish
Be sent to embellish
The bully served up as his meal.

V

There was a young fellow of Vimy
Who said, " If my sweetheart could see me
Accepting the kisses
Of these here French misses,
I guess I would rather not be me ! "

W

There was an old maid of Watou
Who sold penny beers at three sous ;
Some fellows could tell
By the taste and the smell,
But most of the guys never knew !

AN ALPHABET OF LIMERICKS

X

There was a brave fellow of X—
(The Censor he sends his respects,
And says, will you please
Cut out places like these
Or he'll send round a couple of 'tecs ?)

Y

There was an old sport of the Yser
Who said, " I do not give a D— sir,
The more I eat fire
The more I desire ;
Blood and thunder suit me to a T, sir ! "

Z

There was a yonge manne of Zeebrugge
Who was wont to drynke Rumme by ye jugge,
He did this so ofte
That his brayne it grewe softe,
And he dwelles in ye house of ye bugge !

LIMERICKS FROM THE GERMAN

A YOUNG *Offizierstellvertreter*
Loved a *fraulein*, and frequently met her,
But an *Unterzahlmeister*
Abducted and spliced her ;
Potts-tausend ! Gott dam ! Donnerwetter ! !

There was a young *Vizefeldwebel*,
Whose manners were beastly at table ;
With his nose to his plate
He would make as he ate
A row like a regular Babel !

There once was a young *Fahnenjunker*,
Who each day got drunker and drunker ;

LIMERICKS FROM THE GERMAN

In a fit of D.T.

He swam out to sea

And rammed a rum barrel and sunk her !

There once was a *Vizewachtmeister*,

Who, take him all round, was a shyster ;

He got ten francs of grub

At a poor woman's pub,

And then asked if one franc sufficed her !

There was a smart *Oberfeuerwerker*,

Who invented a hand-grenade-jerker ;

When he first tried it out

There was no one about,

Every man in his hole was a lurker !

LIMERICKS FROM THE GERMAN

There was a rapacious *Gefreiter*,
Who swallowed a pint of sweet nitre ;
The jury who sat on him,
Observing the fat on him,
Passed *Felo de se* on the blighter.

PARODIES

WAR QUATRAINS

A WAKE, my Thomas ! 'Tis the hour of six,
Don your equipment and your bayonet fix;
In whiles we're due to cross the parapet,
Across the parapet—and p'r'aps the Styx !

Lo, some there were the swankiest and best
dressed,

As Life Guards of their horses dispossessed,
Who dug their blooming trench the same as we,
And one by one sneaked out of it to rest.

And we who occupy them in their room,
And Prussians seek to strafe with cannon boom ;
Ah, we ourselves have built some booby-huts,
Some bully booby-hutches—and for whom ?

WAR QUATRAINS

Here, in this battered old Estaminet
Where shrapnel-holes let in the light of day,
Have terriers and guardsmen in their turn
Mopped up their beer and wended on their way.

There was a Kultur which had got no C,
There was a Gospel of von Bernhardi ;
A little talk awhile of Me and Gott
There was, and soon a cry of Gott help Me !

Into some bloomin' trench, and why not knowing,
We come at night not knowing where we're going,
And out of it again to get a bath
Just five days later when the cocks are crowing.

The " Blightey " that men set their hearts upon
Turns up, or p'r'aps it doesn't, and anon
Some marchioness may smooth your fevered brow,
Or you may stop a straight one and you're gone !

WAR QUATRAINS

Ah, m'amoiselle, fill up a dozen beers !
To-day no past regrets, no future fears.
To-morrow ? Why, to-morrow we may be
Back in the bloomin' trench at Armenteurs !

Ah, make the most of what you've got to spend,
And all your savings to the nation lend,
Cash into loans, and be content to live
Sans cakes, sans ale, and sans your fav'rite blend.

Tommy no question asks of ayes and noes,
'Tis " Up and Over " as the order goes ;
And he, who got us in this bloomin' scrap,
He knows about it all. He knows. He knows.

They say Von Bissing and his Uhlans keep
The field where Wellington drank glory deep ;
And Billiam, that mad War-Lord and his Ass
Hoch o'er the graves, but cannot mar their sleep !

WAR QUATRAINS

The great Eye-Witness writes, and having writ,
Eyes on—nor all your cleverness and wit,
Nor all your pull with Northcliffe and *The Times*
Can lure him on to tell the truth of it !

Here in a barn that on no map is shown,
Some kilometres from the firing zone,
Where sound of shells and shrapnel is forgot ;
And Gott strafe Wilhelm and his Turkey-bone.

I sent my Turks to Egypt to rebel,
And drive the British to the sea pell-mell ;
After a while my Turks came back to me,
And said “ Jee-rusalem, they gave us H—l ! ”

Oh, thou who dost with lime-juice and with rum
Do wonders to relieve our tedium,
Thou wilt not with teetotalistic cranks
Entirely rob us of our modicum ?

WAR QUATRAINS

And thou, who brands of jam for us doth make,
And apricots with turnips deftly fake ;
We don't want anything expensive—but
Not ALL the damson, please, for pity's sake !

A tin of Ticklers between us four,
A loaf of bread, and bully-beef galore
Beside us lying in the booby-hutch ;
What can a bloomin' sojer wish for more ?

And nightly thro' the darkness there will come
A Quarter-Master-Sergeant " going some,"
Bearing a jar upon his shoulder, and
He bids us taste of it, and 'tis the RUM !

The rum, that will, if left quite undilute,
The plans of old Von Hindenburg confute ;
The subtle over-proof that in a trice
Will strafe the Kaiser and his Turks to boot !

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

(Some fellows *will* write home to the papers or be interviewed as to their experiences)

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF W. S. GILBERT

I

I AM the very toughest of the very tough
Canadians,

I'm one of those already-for-the-early-morning-
raid-y-uns,

I'm always on the parapet a-dying to leap
over it,

And when the opportunity arrives I praise
Jehovah it!

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

I do not mind the Huns at all, I always like to
 strafe at them,

And as I bare my bayonet I positively laugh at
 them ;

And when I've my smoke helmet on, and in the
 trench I roam about—roam about—roam
 about,

I'm telling you, d'you get me kid ? I'm something
 to write home about.

II

I love to hear the screeching of the shells a-tearing
 round about,

And see the bombs a-bouncing and a-bursting on
 the ground about ;

I'm tickled when the " Johnsons " and the
 " Jennies " start to whizz on me,

And aerial torpedoes never raise the slightest fizz
 on me ;

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

At picking Minenwerfers up and pitching of 'em
back again

I'm rotten out of practice, but I'll soon pick up
the knack again ;

In fact, of pluck and courage it is brimming to the
fill I am—fill I am—fill I am,

And all the fellows designate me “ High Explosive
William ! ”

III

I'm very keen on sniping, and I like to have a shot
or two,

Especially at aeroplanes—and, by the gods, I've
got a few !

I'm always out in “ No Man's Land,” and love to
be on “ Listening Post,”

And wish the German Army were advancing in a
glistening host.

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

And there's *one* thing about me too, I never, never
tell a cram,

Not even when I'm sending home my doings to
the *Telegram*.

In fact my deeds of derring-do it's hard to keep a
tally on—tally on—tally on,

And yet I'm only Private in the Umpty Umph
Battalion !